THE Royal Invitation: OR, *Britannia's* Glory.

A POEM.

By *W. M.* An *OXFORD* Scholar.

When Britiſh *Princes from their Royal Throne,*
Abſent themſelves, How do their Subjects moan?
What bitter Pangs, and dreadful Pains hath She,
At ſuch Times felt, from her dire * *Enemy?*
As late She did, when Royal CHARLES *was ſlain,*
Until Great CHARLES *his Son return'd again;*
And gave the healing Balm which eas'd her Breaſt,
Baniſh'd all her Pains, and gave her Reſt,
Which She ne'er taſted yet;
When Jure divino *here was diſpoſſeſs'd.*

* The Spirit of Fanaticiſm.

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Moſt Humbly

DEDICATED

To His Moſt

Glorious, Auguſt, Serene, and Sacred

MAJESTY.

May it pleaſe your moſt Sacred MAJESTY.

I Have not preſumed thus to preſent my ſelf, nor this my imperfect Production at your Majeſty's moſt ſacred Feet, (where I now moſt humbly beg leave to offer it) out of any vain Opinion, that there can be any thing in it worthy your Peruſal; No, I am too ſenſible of my own Weakneſs, and Incapacity of producing any thing worthy the leaſt Glimpſe of your Royal Favour; unleſs your Majeſty will accept of a True Britiſh Heart, intirely Faithful to its Country, and brim full of Loyalty and Zeal, for your Majeſty's moſt ſacred Perſon and Government; a Heart like this I hope you cannot refuſe, to take into

your most Glorious Protection, since, as the Hen broodeth her Chickens under the Shadow of her Wings, so ought Soveraigns to preserve their most faithful People, under the Shadow of their Royal Majesty; and even nurse them with things consistent and necessary, as the fond Mother nurseth her tender Babe, whose Safety and Welfare she always hath at Heart. This, Great Sir, gives me the Encouragement to think, that I shall not be dejected; but that the Goodness of my Intention may appeal for the Weakness and Insufficiency of this my most humble Address, which with all Submission I here offer in the Name of Great Brittain, *and every Loyal Heart therein contained; and tho' I have no Reason to remind your Majesty of the Immense Danger, which hath often attended this unhappy, turbulent, and troublesome Isle, in the Absence of her Lawful Soveraigns: Yet, thro' the Zeal I bear to your Person, and my dearly beloved Country, they pour so fresh and superabundantly upon my Memory, that I am even upon the Rack, till I am disgorged of the Burthen, durst I presume to recite to your Majesty, what you cannot chuse but know, much better than a Thousand such Heads as mine can inform you: Nevertheless, I hope your Majesty, will grant me your most Gracious Pardon, if by chance I should (by my fiery Zeal) be led into some few Hints of that Nature, since I do not pretend to instruct your Majesty, what is most necessary for the Safety of your Person, or Security of the*

King-

Kingdoms under your Subjection; but purely to eaſe my ſelf, of a Burden too weighty, and troubleſome for a Perſon, weak, and feeble as I am, to labour and grovel under; I mean the Burden of a Mind diſcompoſed, with the Thoughts of ſuch horrid Accidents, which our Annals too credibly aſſure us, have happened at ſuch Times, when the Opportunity of the Monarchs Abſence hath given Room, and left the Road often to an unnatural and horrid Rebellion, and that ſometimes follow'd by Uſurpation and Tyranny: This your Majeſty cannot be inſenſible hath happened, not only to Great-Brittain, *but alſo to many other Kingdoms, tho' no Place hath been more abuſed in this Manner, than theſe unhappy Iſles, and that chiefly occaſion'd through the Ambition, and Malice of the moſt terrible Friend throughout the Dark Infernal Dominions of* Pluto; *I mean that accurſed Spirit of* **Fanaticiſm**, *who is never ſatisfied, but for ever thirſting after Blood, tho' ſhe ſwallows as an Ocean; Nay, tho' ſhe even draw dry the very Fountain of Royalty, from whence all other Streams, and leſſer Rivers are duly fed; a terrible Example of their Hell-born Zeal, they publickly gave, not only to* Great-Britain, *but to the whole World, in the Horrid Murder of that Royal, and moſt Glorious Martyr King* Charles I. *whoſe Tragick Scene they acted, even before his own Palace Gate, (ſo great a Heighth was their Infernal Cruelty, and accurſed Impudence grown too) and not ſatisfied with that, the Imperious* Oliver, *by the Aſſiſtance of his*

his Pimps and Vaſſals, would not only have uſurp'd the Throne, but even his Royal Crown alſo, had he not been too ſenſible, by himſelf, that the Spirit of **Fanaticiſm** *hath an utter Abhorrence to Monarchy, and Crown'd Heads, therefore (tho' he greatly deſird it) he was oblig'd to content himſelf with the Government and Protectorſhip only, which (tho' it did not equal his damn'd Ambitious Deſires) was by much too great a Power for ſo baſe a Vagrant; Nay, even the Title of his Porter or Footman, was too great an Honour ſure for the Scum of a Grain Tub; but the old Proverb was ſtrong on his Side,* i. e. *the Devil is always good to his own, and ſo he was to him, while here, however he might uſe him after, which moſt certainly was not very pleaſantly, for without doubt he hurried him headlong into the ſulphrous Den of Uſurpation and Tyranny, which (if we may believe* Telamachus) *is ſeated in* Tartara, *and is the ſevereſt Puniſhment throughout the whole Dominions of* Pluto; *where no doubt of it, but he hath Companions enough of his own Set, as well as others of higher Rank; may we not ſuſpect his Converſation and Acquaintance, with Crouch Back* Richard *in that Place, ſince they were both Murderers, without Exception, either to Sovereign or Subject; which of them was worſt I will not determine, but leave that to your Majeſty's more diſcreet Judgment; for with others the Caſe may ſeem ſomewhat difficult to decide, and cauſe a long Debate before the Verdict be*

brought

brought in, either againſt he who after a moſt barbarous and clandeſtine Manner murder'd and deſtroy'd his own two Nephews, who were committed to his Charge and Care, and ſeized on the Britiſh *Crown, or againſt he who murder'd in a more bloody and impudent Manner, the beſt of Kings, and Royal Father of renowned Princes, whom he forced likewiſe to flee for their Lives, or to fall Victims to his Ambition. But to ſay no more of ſuch horrible Monſters, I will beg leave to proceed, to the Troubles which ſome Wretches of theſe* Fanatical *Opinions infeſted this unhappy Iſland with, in the late Reign of her moſt Glorious Majeſty Queen* Ann, *of ever Glorious Memory, but theſe are ſo freſh in the Minds of all Honeſt Men, that I need not ſay much of them; Yet ſhall I never forget how ſtrenuouſly they endeavour'd to trample down the Church, (as formerly they had done) and ridicule the Clergy in the Perſon of Dr.* Henry Sacheverel, *had he not ſo bravely defended himſelf, as to put it intirely out of their Power, which ſtill the more and more enrag'd them, to that Degree, that it may very reaſonably be believed, that they would have infallibly murder'd him clandeſtinely, had they met with a convenient Opportunity; But Thanks be to God, their Deſigns were totally fruſtrated, and he was diſcharged in ſpite of all their malicious Endeavours, which were extravagantly interwoven with moſt horrid Blaſphemies againſt the moſt High God, and Contempt of his Word, uttered*

even

even from the very Mouths of their Women and Children from amongſt which: I moſt humbly beg leave, to inſtance that audacious and impertinent Monſter of a Woman, who, (no doubt on it ſet on by others of her Sect) imperiouſly ask'd him, (as he was going to his Tryal) where is now thy God; *But* Sacheverel *was ready enough to give her an Anſwer, which had ſhe, or her Sect had any Grace, might reaſonably have caus'd them to repent their Preſumption; but they are ſo hard'ned in their Villainies, that it is much to be feared, they neither will, nor can ever repent; for even to this preſent Time, during Your Majeſty's much lamented Abſence, we are continually diſturb'd with their damn'd* Fanatical *Diſorders, either in publick or in private at leaſt, for Miſchief they will be doing, either one Way or other, but that it may never be in their Power to moleſt, or diſturb your moſt Sacred Majeſty's Quiet and Happy Reign, is, and ſhall for ever be, the humbly Prayers of may it pleaſe your Majeſty, Your Majeſty's moſt Obedient and moſt Faithful Loyal Subject and Servant*

W — M. M — K.

THE

THE
Royal Invitation,
OR,
Britannia's Glory, &c.

HAIL Sacred Majeſty; Serene and
Great,
On whom depends *BRITANNIA's*
Future Fate;
Review the ſtrange Combuſtions of our Iſle,
And give her Hopes of Favour by a Smile;
For without thee no healing Balms can cure,
The ſtrange Diſorders, ſhe doth now endure.

Her Blood foments in each *Plebean* Vein,
Who hate the Race of Royal Kings ſhould reign.

By Magick Charms, ſtrange bluſtring Storms
ariſe,
And Cloudy Darkneſs over-veils the Skies?
The rugged *Eolus* who doth command,
The bluſtring Furies of the Northern Land,
Where Witches do inhabit in dark Cells,
And Hell-born Demons with Infernal Spells.)
Hath drawn the ſturdy Bolts, which them
confine,
And turn'd them looſe to further the Deſign
Of thine envenom'd Foes; and help them fur-
ther on,
In their dark Plots againſt thy Royal Throne:
But ſpite of all his Pow'r, and all their Art,
Thou ſtill art ſafe, Jove doth eſpouſe thy
Part,

Who,

Who, for to ſhew his Wrath, as heretofore,
Doth in loud Claps of dreadful Thunder roar.
Fierce Light'ning darts them and their Houſes
burn,
Who dare their Swords, againſt their Sov'raign
turn:
Great *Mars* himſelf will fight thy noble Cauſe,
And 'gainſt thy Foes, defend the Britiſh Laws;
Minerva too, that Quintiſence of Skill,
And Glorious Goddeſs of Induſtry will,
Afford thee all her Pow'r and Politicks,
To skreen thee from whatever Plots and Tricks
Shall e're be laid againſt thy Royal Throne,
Which may'ſt thou long Great Monarch rule
upon
Thine humble Subjects do thy Abſence mourn,
And in a ſecret Senſe their Incenſe burn,
Unto the Bliſsful God, to haſten thy Return,

Triumphant *Neptune* with alluring Smiles,
Invites thee likewiſe, to the Brittiſh Iſles,
Extends his Scepter o're the Raging Seas,
Who 'ſpite of *Eolus* his Pow'r obeys;
And with Submiſſion to his mighty Pow'r,
Glide gently on and kiſs their winding Shore.

Have you not ſeen, in ſoft Meanders move,
A gentle Stream, cloſe by ſome pleaſant Grove,
Warbling ſweet Sonnets as it glides along,
To chear the Lover with a murm'ring Song;
Who lies (perhaps) extended on her Banks,
And for his ſafe Retreatment yeildeth Thanks.
Then being ſecure in broken Accents tells,
The dreadful Pains he feels from *Cupids* Spells;
In how much Torment, and in how much Smart,
That Infant God hath overwhelm'd his Heart;
Whilſt

Whilſt all his Plaints are vain, made to the Wind,
When ſhe whom he adores doth prove unkind:
And thus alas! you'll poor *Britannia* find.
Tho' Gentle *Neptune* with his watry Train,
Uſe all their Arts my Thoughts to entertain;
And to divert me in this loneſome State,
But all's in vain, can Paſtime recreate,
Or any Art a Glimpſe of Pleaſure ſhew,
When as Great Sir, I ſtill am robb'd of you?

You! Who to *Britannia* are the greateſt Gain,
And without whom Her Pleaſures are but Pain;
No! 'tis impoſſible that I can be
Contented, till I am poſſeſs'd of thee;
My Sov'raign Lord, and ever Royal Spouſe,
Pity your Nymph, and think upon your Houſe;

Which

Which without you becometh desolate,
Aud no more looketh like a Royal Seat;
But rather like some strange abandon'd Cell,
Or Cave, where melancholly Hermits dwell;
Such as *Britannia* in your Absence is,
Who without you, can never taste the Bliss
Which surely was, by th' Pow'rs above ordain'd,
To be enjoy'd where lawful Sov'raigns reign'd.

Remember the dire Pains I underwent,
When Royal *Charles* was forced to absent
His Royal Palace; and elsewhere go seek
A Place where he might in more Safety keep;
Remember how the trait'rous Snakes did sting,
And daily sought the Ruin of their King;
How they did in a Curst Rebellion rise,
And rush'd me into dreadful Miseries;

Plunder'd

Plunder'd by Soldiers and abus'd by Fools,
Oppreſs'd with Taxes by uncommon Rules,
Govern'd by Traytors and Ambitious Tools,
Rais'd from the meaneſt Filth and Scum of Earth,
Who from meer Dunghills did receive their Birth;
Dunghills of Nature in a human Form,
Or rather Friends from th' Loins of Devils torn;
By whoſe Aſſiſtance (being incens'd with Rage,
Againſt their Sov'raign (they his Pow'r engag'd;
'Tween whom were many fatal Battles fought,
And Conqueſts gain'd on both Sides; Pris'ners brought
To dreadful Ends; till in a Purple Flood
Great-Britain flow'd in her true Subjects Blood;

Which

Which often caus'd her for to melt in Tears,
For the Dire Loſs of thoſe Great *Chevaliers*,
Whom She ſo much ador'd, and ſo much lov'd,
For their great Actions She ſo well approv'd:

Theſe Hell infatuated Tyrants, when,
They hah clandeſtinely deſtroy'd thoſe Men
Who for their Sov'raign King and ancient Laws,
Britannia's Glory, and her Lawful Cauſe,
Had drawn their Swords, and with their utmoſt Breath,
Shew'd their great Valour, and their Scorn of Death;
When theſe I ſay, were by thoſe Elves deſtroy'd,
(Some by the Sword, but more unjuſtly dy'd)
And *Lucifer* their Lord had blown them up with Pride.

They

They ſoon contrive another horrid Crime,
Which for its Terror may the reſt outſhine;
The Queen being glad with all her Race to flee,
Theſe Tyrants Thirſt now for her Progeny;
There's not one Subject, Woman, Child, or Man,
Of any Age, thro' *Brittain*, but what can
Surely remember, or hath heard the Tale,
(From ſome old Dad o'er his Nappy Ale,)
How *CHARLES* the Son of *CHARLES* did hide,
And in the Trunk of an old *Oak* abide,
Which is called Royal, and will ever be,
Whilſt in *Great-Britain* there is ſuch a Tree.
Since it to him became a ſafe Retreat,
And did preſerve him from a dreadful Fate;
Which was decreed him by his Father's Foes,
To whom alas! I owe my horrid Woes;

For whilſt they did pretend to ſeek the Lord,
They ſeek to ruin me with one accord?
And that they may complete their damn'd Deſign,
Againſt their Sov'raigns Life they do combine;
For having got him ſafe within their Pow'r,
As Wolves do Lambs, ſo they would him devour;
But yet, to blind the common People's Eyes,
Freedom and Liberty are all their Cries.
But their Deſigns were to deſtroy the King,
And his Dominions into Slav'ry bring;
Which was apparent by that curſed Act,
Which did that damn'd infernal Court enact;
I mean the **High Court of Juſtice** as they term it;
(But they want Sov'raign Pow'r to confirm it.)

This was the Court which by Consent decreed,
That Royal *CHARLES* a murther'd Martyr bleed?
Who then was led unto the fatal Stage,
On which he fell a Victim by their Rage,
Which nothing could, but Royal Blood asswage.

These are the Enemies great Sir I fear,
As well I may, who've paid their Pride so dear.)
Meer *British Janupes* with double Face,
Canting both ways, without one Grain of Grace;
For even when they do the most pretend,
Or would perswade you they're the most your Friend?

The greateſt Treaſons hatching 'gainſt your State,
And they're contriving to urge on your Fate?
So *Judas* when he did his Lord betray,
In ſeeming Friendſhip to him took his Way;
Humbly ſalutes him with a gentle Kiſs,
Which to his Enemies the Signal is.
Thus *Brittiſh* Women did the *Deans* betray
Who in one Night ſtole all their Lives away;
For which the Men, (t'encourage their Deceit)
Gave them the Right, and they all hold it yet;
Thus *Danaus*'s Daughters did their Spouſes ſlay,
Except poor *Lmus* who got ſafe away;
By th' Help of *Hypermneſtra* his dear Wife;
Who for the Love ſhe bore him ſav'd his Life.

Long did theſe Monſters ſeem Great *CHARLES*'s Friends,
Until at length they gain'd their curſed Ends;

A reſt-

A reſtleſs Race (who ending, ſtill begun
New Broils) to darken this Illuſtrious Sun;
To ſhew the Odds 'twixt Heav'ns Eternal Light,
And Gloomy Fogs of Hell's Cimmerian Night.
Theſe Imps (like the *Polypus*) doffeth hue,
To ev'ry Object, chooſing always new;
A furious Brood of Frenzy, more than mad,
(*Amelion* like with ev'ry Colour clad;
Whoſe ſenſeleſs Senſe (by Brain-ſick Humours led)
Lies deep enchanted on an ambitious Bed.

Thus *Neptunes* Subjects do in Winter grow,
Cold in Alleg'ance, wonted Duties ſhow;
But Chill reſpects, by th' Tyrant Froſt detain'd,
(The General of Winters Forces) chain'd.

In

In Icie Shackles, eas'ly made a Prey,
To this encroaching Monſter, till the Day-
Far-coaſting *Phœbus* takes a nearer View,
Of this Uſurper, forced with the Crew,
Of's Darts and Arrows for to quit the Field,
And to the Element its Freedom yield.
The Winters Baſſa (mad to ſee this Rout)
Calls from all Quarters his Cold Troops about,
In Thunder bearing Di'lect to devour,
The Waters Prince by his united Pow'r;
Wing'd with ſhrill Trumpet Winds, flank'd with keen Puffs,
They Juſtling caſt againſt the Throne their Snuffs,
Spreading themſelves along the Liquid Plain
With dreadful Terror to the groaning Main;

The

The Winds, Waves, Whales, Sharks, Dolphins, all retreat,
Whilſt (claſhing) their congealed Armours break.

The Drunken Steel, by head-ſtrong Faction rous'd,
Real'd o're ſrom Field to Field, and never Hous'd,
Until Great *CHARLES*'s Royal Blood was drein'd,
And *Britannia*'s Breaſt in Crimſon Dye was ſtain'd,
Which endleſs Time can never waſh away,
With all the Waters of the unmeaſur'd Sea;
Great was Her Loſs of ſuch a Royal Mate,
Who as he lived Juſt, ſo died he Great.
And only chang'd this Frail and Earthly Life,
(With nought attended but continual Strife)

For

For that moſt Glorious Crown *Jupiter* yields,
Thoſe happy Princes in th' *Ellyzium* Fields;
There happy then lets leave him to his Reſt,
(Among Great Princes, and Juſt Perſons bleſt.)
And turn our Eyes unto the dreadful Pain,
Britannia ſuffer'd when this Prince was ſlain;
Beneath the baſe and tireſome Government,
Of Factious Rebels, broaching Diſcontents,
As when a Gang of Robbers chance to take,
Some noble Booty or ſome precious Rake;
Diſtractions riſe, in ſharing of it right,
Until at length they with each other fight;
By which perhaps ſome chance to meet a Foil,
And loſe th' Enjoyment of their ill-got Spoil.
E'en thus it was, among thoſe horrid Elves,
Who kill their King and then fall out themſelves;
Moſt barb'rous civil, (moſt uncivil) Wars,
Britannia bleeds in moſt unnat'ral Jars.

Her

Her Sinews ſhrink, her drained Corps is ſpell'd,
B'Ignatius Wizards, whoſe ſtrong Charms up-
held,
St. *Peter*'s Rival in a colder Sweat,
Than e'er the *Goths* or *Vandals* could beget;
Pluto, Chain up this vile peſtif'rous Train,
Let loweſt Cells their Blaſphemies contain,
Where gnawing Envy and dire Treaſon dwell,
E'en in the Bottom o'the *Tartarean* Cell;
Where Conſcience dreads in Soul betraying
Weed,
The black Attempts ambitious Stateſmen breed,
Where Plottings, Turmoils, Tempeſt, horrid
Fear,
Keep Rendevous in *Albions* Hemeſphere;
As thro' each Part they furiouſly do thunder,
Cand'ing the Iſles gaſtly Face in Icy wonder,

Where times black Margent quotes ſuch ſad amazes,
(As makes Heav'ns ſelf pale with aſtoniſh'd gazes.)
Which now ſeem loos'd from the *Peruvian* Stage,
To act their Butch'ries on the Crimſon Page,
Of *Britiſh* Story, fluicing forth our Blood,
By th' guſting Torrent of a civil Flood;
Theſe in the World have more Confuſion wrought,
Than the old *Johu*, *Bohu*, could have brought;
What ſtrange *Salmoneus*, or *Prometheus* taught,
Ciclopean Artiſts for to propitiate,
The Forge of *Jove*, within his Shops of Wonder,
By brazen-unged, and Fire breathing Thunder,

What

What Metal Devils, Fiends of Hell are here,
Like fiery Bulls of *Colchos*? *Charon* fears
Th'o're charg'd Canon, lank Ghosts by shouls do thus,
Float to the crouded Shades of *Erebus*.

The feirce Fire foaming Steeds of *Diomede*,
Feed on the Remnants of *Ducalions* Seed;
Does *Typhon* and *Echinda* still survive
To bring forth Monsters? Don't *Medea* live
To charm this frightful Prog'ny, and to fill
New Constellations by her sacred Skill?
Whence is't our Minds of Iron shewn such Tools,
For Blood drunk Hands to hunt our guilty Souls?
What Vulcan's here that gives new Life to Steel?
What Fury? What Erinny's make a Hell?

In *Albions* Fields, carving Men's Bodies out,
To Feaſt *Megera*, whilſt the dear bought ſhot
Is paid by pious Souls, which trembling fly,
From off the Life into Eternity.

Unhappy Iſland whom *Aſtrea* ſhuns,
Late made a Prey unto thy hoſtile Sons,
Whilſt they (like greedy Cannibals) devour,
Their Mothers Offspring in a diſmal Hour,
Making her Lap the Voider. Han't we ſeen
Some petty Cyclops late in Arms t'have been,
Which little know what God's Religion mean,
Unleſs by this to ſwear, and that blaſpheme;
Oaths are their only Sacraments, their Swords,
Their Deity, and Voucher of their Words;
They know no difference in their luſtful Sute,
'Twixt Wife or Virgin, and the Proſtitute;
Playing their Gold with full Hands, tho' it be,
Men's Blood exhauſted for their Luxury.

Lions which ope their Thunder-ſcaring Jaws,
Bulls goaring thro' the Entrails of the Laws;
Dogs worry one another, Vipers hiſs,
Men in their Looks Death-bearing *Baſalicks*,
Rearing their Trophies in the tear-ſwoln Eyes,
Of Widows, and in *Orphan*'s piercing Cries,
Unhappy *Deſtiny*, and unkind Fate,
Op'ning *Pandora*'s Box within our State;
Until Great *Monk* the Second CHARLES brought Home,
Aided by th' Ruſty Swains of *Calidon*,
And now thoſe horrid Clouds of Diſcord fly
Unto the Dark Abyſs where Terrors lye.

The Ship which vaſt tempeſtuous Waves did threat,
And reſtleſs-pitty-wanting Storms had beat;

(Th' Abyſſes Jaws wide gaping to devour.)
Arriv'd at laſt to her long wiſh'd for Shoar.
(Which that your Majeſty in Safety may,
With Glory do, I ſhall for ever pray.)
Cloud-masked *Titan* now with Splendor chears,
The Winter Solſtice of the People's Tears;
Fierceneſs relented, and ſtern Mars grew mild,
Sweet *Flora* laugh'd, and *Ceres* was with Child
Of Plenty; *Janus* barr'd his Temple Gate,
And Juſtice marched in her Robe of State;
Ruins grew whole, before this Peaceful Star,
And *Venus* Doves did build in *Mars*'s Car.
Great *CHARLES* outveighs all Praiſe, whoſe well-taught Art,
By Rules of Gentleneſs, reviv'd all Hearts;
Stifles ſmall Factions by his wiſer Scorn,
Which ſtruck them dead, before they well were born;

The Joys to ſee an Olive Branch preſage,
That Civil Wars late Deluge ſhall aſſwage.
(Gall'd with vile Yoke, which did their Shoulders vex)
He lays ſoft Poulteſs to his People's Necks;
(Oh! Glorious King return? Be in his Mind,
And like to him, be to thy People kind.)
That Peace and Plenty might eſpouſe again,
Kiſſing each other thro' his happy Reign:
Imperial Virtue guildeth with her Flaſhes,
A noble Temper on the courſeſt Aſhes;
It ſparkles bravely in a Subjects Eye,
But Beams (Sun like) enchac'd in Majeſty;
Diffuſing Light, and Light to leſſer Fires,
Each feels the Warmth and ſilently admires;
So to the lower Levels *Zephyr* comes,
Puffing Perfumes of Rich Arabian Gums;
From Spicy Mountains, pleaſingly to chear,
The deſert ſcorched-tyring Traveller.

Thus

Thus Bliſs diſtill'd the Nectar of her Breaſt,
And lull'd our *Albion* in a ſmiling Reſt:
No damn'd Aſſaſſinate awakes her Sleep,
Hearts joyn'd with Hands, a mutual Friend-
ſhip keep,
The Soldier leaves his Winter blaſted Bed,
For ſofter Plumes, which Crown his eaſy
Head:
The gay adorned Courſer dreads no Foes,
But chaſeth Foxes, or the light-foot Does.
Makes em'lous Starts for Wagers on the Plains,
Where he much Honour, more Attendance
gains.
Cannons are charg'd with Musk, and Marches
turn,
To Downy Beds, for Iron Tyſſue's worn;
Inſtead of Gunpowder there now is got,
Powder of Cypreſe, Piſtolets for Shot;

The

The Trumpets made to ſound a Dance, and calls
Away the ſtorming Siege from Stony Walls,
And gives the *Britiſh* Nymphs loud Signals to their Balls.

With mufled Mouth the thund'ring Mortars reſt,
And ſweet Granadoes nothing break but Jeſts;
Love now is Champion who endures no Arms,
But ſtrict Embraces, Kiſſes for Alarms,
So plund'ring by the Eye, the Heart away,
With am'rous Joys, and Simprings winn the Day.
Love Foiles attone ſharp Rapiers now,
The Pole-Ax turns a Coulter for the Plough;

(Which may it do thro' thy great Reign O King,
To ſtore us plenteouſly) in Conſort ſing,
The feather'd Choriſters to the flow'ry Spring.

Peace then grew up apace, brought plenty too,
Whilſt golden-bearded Ears the Sycle woo,
To raviſh their Virginity. Whoſe tops
Bend down to fill the Swains Barn-filling hopes;
The ſtiff-full-udder'd Cow comes down the Vale,
Twice ev'ry Day to fill the Milk-maids Pail.
The Merchants Barks (do glide now with the Wind)
Plough o'er the tradeful Billows for to find,
An Ophyr Coaſt with Opulency fraught,
The Rarities from either Pole are brought,

To

To frame a delicate, to winn the Grace
O'the Empreſs *Albion* who but juſt before,
Lay weltring in her Royal Monarchs Gore,
Now ſpreads out her moiſt Arms t'embrace
the Oceans dow'r.

Remember this O King, and then declare,
Whether *Britannia* hath not Cauſe to fear
Whilſt you Great Sir abſent your ſelf from
hence,
And ſhe's o'er-run with —— Impertinence;
Return therefore, and let me be in thee;
Bleſt as I was in *Charles* Majeſty;
Since nothing but thy Preſence can procure,
The ſacred Medicine which alone muſt
Cure,
The ſecret Fears and Terrors I endure.

Therefore be ſpeedy and make no delay,
But on *Pegaſus* Wings bend here thy way;
Thy glorious Preſence will thoſe Bleſſings bring,
Which cannot be enjoy'd without a King.

But if thou long continue abſent then,
Th' offenſive Guſts which threaten us again,
May ſhew their Wrath on the diſturbed Main.

In bluſtring Storms, and horrible fierce Squalls,
Dark Furies then may vent their bitter Galls;
And diſmal Clouds quite over-veil the Skies,
To ſhew a Stage of dreadful Miſeries;
With Thunder, Lightning, Rain, Hail and Snow,
And all the Terrors Winter Storms do know;
Then peaceful Surges turn to Mountains high,
And rouling Billows mount up to the Sky;

Nay!

Nay! What is more (to ſhew their frightful Wrath)
Her Face all ſhatter'd to a hiſſing Froth,
Shall break with Fury againſt ev'ry Shore,
And her whole Surface roul in bring Gore,
Till ſhe be mantled up in ſtreaming White all o'er.

Thus may the *Britiſh* Realm infeſted be,
(Unleſs ſhe's influen'd by thy Majeſty)
And theſe blood thirſty Villains, who annoy
Her all they can for want of aid deſtroy,
Her Church, her Liberties, and antient Laws
And worry all to puſh on their old Cauſe;
Oh horrid Scene! The Gods above prevent,
The ſad Cataſtrophe, and dire Event.
Let not *Britannia* feel the dreadful Shock,
But rather force it on ſome Barren Rock;

Far

Far from the Limits of her Royal Throne,
Or to ſome Deſert to Mankind unknown;
Where nought but Brutes and Monſters do
reſide,
And Chriſtianity was ne'er Ally'd.

Let *Britain* nought but Eaſe and Happi-
neſs,
With Peace and Plenty evermore poſſeſs.
Let no more Blood be vilely ſpilt in vain,
But let each Subject with united Strain,
Tune up their Pipes, and in Conjunction
ſing,
A Loyal Sonnet to our Glorious King;
Who ſhall henceforth in never-dying Story,
Ring thro' the World *Britannia*'s Royal Glory.

FINIS.